read attentively the lines with which we conclude from the hand of our noble poet, Byron:—

CLIII.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hymna and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surv'ey'd
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so refined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now,
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

CLVI.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine: Our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

An excellent opportunity for opening the area around St. Paul's is now revealed by that created by taking down the premises in Paternoster-row belonging to the Religious Tract Society. One hundred and twenty feet of frontage is laid open, but, we are sorry to say, being rebuilt upon with all that expedition for which the London builder is so remarkable.

The architects and builders of the metropolis, and the country generally, may expect an increase of employment from the long deferred ripening of the labours of the charity commission. Several of the alms-houses now building about the country are the fruit of the inquiry of this commission; and we understand that in London, or rather in the environs, it will devolve upon the commission to enforce the erection of very extensive and complete piles of buildings of this class on the part of our metropolitan charity trusts.

ARCHITECTURAL DECORATORS.

Opportunely enough we have obtained a tracing of the signature of Sir James Thornhill, one of the principal operators in a style of external decoration cultivated in England between the Restoration and the reign of George the First.

Of this transitory school Verrio was chief; La Fosse, La Guerre, and Thornhill either his contemporaries or successors; Vandeist, Vogelsang, Cooper, and Craddock, less distinguished practitioners. The long reign of Louis XIV., prodigal in palatial buildings, lavish of ornament and lax in morals, originated this mode of decoration; harmonizing with the tone and manners of his court, the boudoirs and saloons of those minor retreats where the Mars of France delighted to woo the Venus of the hour, were adorned with scenery from the stores of allegorical device with which mythology abounds, and subsequently the same source furnished subjects for the principal apartments of the palaces in and near the French capital: in these efforts the artist failed not to invest the monarch and his *preux chevaliers* with the attributes of Olympian deities, and many a favourite belle of the court might be recognized in the semblance of an attendant Hebe on the pictured Jove. Our second Charles, untaught by probation, and presuming upon the affections of a people remarkable, in the main, for attachment to royalty, adopted all the more sensual vices of Louis, but with coarser appetite, and less of refinement in their gratification; interior fittings, furniture, and decoration after the French manner were among the accompaniments of his tastes, and Verrio was chosen to administer to the latter in the department of painting. Windsor Castle and Hampton Court afford the principal evidences of his ability, and for the exercise of which he was munificently paid, nearly seven thousand pounds, being the remuneration for Windsor alone; during the popularity of Verrio, however, La Fosse appeared, introduced by his countryman, Monsieur Pouget, or Puget, who built Montague-house, now the British Museum, in 1678, and obtained a share of noble if not of royal patronage; the paintings on the walls of the old building there (now in process of removal) are by this artist. It were needless to speak of less eminent or less appreciated talent of this particular description, and we proceed at once to a mention of the immediate successor of Verrio, and his rival in whatever of merit attaches to the branch of art in which they wrought.

James Thornhill, a native of Weymouth, Dorsetshire, descendant of an old and respectable family, was born about the year 1677; we are not acquainted with any details of his earlier years or course of study; but it is clear that in the meridian of life he ranked high in the profession as it then was. His principal works are the interior of the dome of St. Paul's, one of the apartments of Hampton Court, the altar-piece of All-Soul's, Oxford, the Painted Hall, Greenwich-hospital, the hall at Blenheim, and the saloon at Moor-park, Hertfordshire. The lavish prices obtained by his predecessor were, however, no longer to be had, and it is recorded by Lord Orford, with somewhat of regret, that Thornhill got no more than forty shillings per square yard for the paintings at St. Paul's, and probably not more for the hall at Greenwich; and the very small sum of twenty-five shillings per yard for the hall at Blenheim. He also painted the staircase at the South Sea Company's house, and a small hall there, for which he charged 1,500*l.*; but the company demurred and succeeded in compelling him to accept the same price paid for Blenheim. With Mr. Styles, for whom he executed the decorations at Moor-park, he was more fortunate: his charge of 3,500*l.* for the work done there being also disputed, he, at the trial that ensued, brought forward the most competent persons of the day to prove the quality and value of the paintings, and the matter being referred to arbitration, a favourable award placed the sum claimed in the hands of the artist, with an additional 500*l.* for decorations and services omitted in the original charge.

Though Thornhill adapted his talent with a view to success in the meretricious department vacated by Verrio, he had nobler views of his art than were current at the time; but he was a worldly-minded man, and chose what he deemed the shortest cut to wealth, by winning regard and employment from those who possessed in the largest degree the idols of his desire. This never abandoned pursuit did not, however, prevent his feeling and lamenting the general inferiority of British artists, and he was perhaps the first who proposed, which he did to the minister of the day, Lord Halifax, the institution of a school of painting; but, failing in this, he established an academy for the purpose at his own house under the piazza, Covent-garden; this was in 1724, and so far successful as to have led to the formation of another in Greyhound-court, Arundel-street, conducted by Mr. G. M. Moser, who was subsequently appointed keeper of the Royal Academy, into which, in 1738, merged all private attempts of a similar kind. Thornhill gave another proof of love of his profession in the permission he solicited and obtained to copy the cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. To this work, which he accomplished in duplicate, three years were devoted. It was his intention, we are told, to have published a minute account of them, with studies of the heads, &c., but he relinquished this part of his intention. Though not greatly past the prime of a life most actively and perseveringly employed, he was now to experience a period of suffering and disablement from gout. Thornhill enjoyed not that serene evening of existence which moderate health and ample means confer; the latter he had always commanded, the greater blessing was denied. He died at his seat of Thornhill, near Weymouth, in 1734, at the age of fifty-seven, leaving a son for whom he had obtained the appointment of serjeant painter, and painter to the navy, and a daughter married to the celebrated painter, William Hogarth.

Thornhill left a valuable collection of pictures, which were sold after his death; amongst these, the large set of his copies of the cartoons realized but 200*l.* (they are believed to be in the possession of the Bedford family), and the smaller set seventy-five guineas, prices certainly very inadequate to the time bestowed in producing them.

"BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTSMEN," AND PROPOSED "BUILDERS' INSTITUTE OR DRAWING-SCHOOL."

The occasion of receiving the following letter and the truly beautiful and as beautifully delineated window which accompanied and is inserted with it in our columns, is one which we take advantage of to resume a subject that to many would have the appearance of being forgotten, but which we shall be able to give good reason in this place for having postponed, or rather treated quietly, until this or a similar opportunity should arise for giving the matter an effective impulse.

We cannot conceal from ourselves, and there is no good in concealing it, that there is in the minds of the bulk of our young artificers, a great indisposition to study and apply themselves to the investigation of the principles of their art. The empty superficialities of politics in which many are prone to indulge, to the almost total abandonment of the cultivation of the sterling virtues of domestic, social, and business life—the giving of their time and mind to idle and vicious recreation, have well-nigh deranged the sound constitutional temperament of the once happy industrial class of this kingdom. Sensual enjoyment and indulgence threaten to overcome the intellectual taste, and men who have ceased to entertain a right feeling of self-respect cannot wonder that they have lost the respect of others. Not that we would disparage the consideration of politics, but we would disparage that consideration of it which teaches every "whipper snapper" to consider that it is less than a science, and that science a most profound one. There are men who are incompetent to the acquirement of a trade or profession, let that trade or profession be nevertheless of the simplest kind, who think themselves fully qualified to dispute and discuss, aye, and to settle abstruse and difficult

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